

*Neo is dancing next to a line. She is wearing a flower in her hair, keeping a jaunty face, and dancing however the fuck she wants. Old Boy is staring at a flower on the other side of the line with a straight face that'd put a golem to shame. Neo stops dancing.*

NEO

Hey, you got any flowers?

OLD BOY

Excuse me?

NEO

You heard me. Flowers. Like the one you're looking at? Like the one in my hair? I'm asking you if you have any flowers.

OLD BOY

Uh, yes, I do. Why?

*Neo jiggles her eyebrows.*

NEO

Well. Yer a real piece of work, aren't ya?

OLD BOY

Who's to say? Maybe I like being a-a "piece of work" like you suggest.

*Neo goes to the edge of the line toward Old Boy's side.*

NEO

Ohhh, spunky. I'm Neo.

*Old boy steps to the edge of the line toward Neo's side.*

OLD BOY

Boy. Old Boy.

NEO

Hmph, you're not exactly the James Bond type I envisioned.

OLD BOY

I'm more of a Maxwell Smart kind of guy.

*Neo and Old Boy step back.*

NEO

Never heard of him, but sure. Anyway, can I spot a flower from ya?

OLD BOY

Why?

NEO

To dance with! Duh.

*Neo does a slow twirl while Old Boy stares at her awkwardly.*

OLD BOY

Why?

NEO

I just told you.

OLD BOY

No, I mean why do you want to dance with a flower?

*Neo gives him a looksie up and down, sizing him up.*

NEO

*(slightly annoyed)*

Because it feels beautiful.

OLD BOY

Why?

NEO

Oh for fuck's sake- It's like the sun is feeding me through the flower, the winds are caressing her leaves on my face and the gods are smiling at me while they drink their honey-dew wine. My-

OLD BOY

Okay, Okay, I get it. But that's not what a flower is supposed to look like, you know.

NEO

What, are you blind? This is a flower, clear as day.

OLD BOY

A flower should be prim and proper and gentle-looking to the touch. Yours looks like someone's rat took a poop on a dumpster and called it a molehill.

*Neo walks away from Old Boy's side of the line.*

NEO

*(slightly confused, insulted)*

I don't-I don't even know what the hell that means, but fuck you. My flower is beautiful, with or without your crappy... Whatever it is.

*Old Boy takes a step away from Neo's side of the line.*

OLD BOY

*(matter of factly)*

Fine, whatever you'd like to think. But a flower shouldn't be used for dancing, it should be observed in still harmony, like waves on a beach.

NEO

You do know the waves aren't always like that, right? It's you doing the... Being... Still... You know what I mean.

OLD BOY

Ah, but maybe your eyes are moving the waves. Just like your eyes should be moving the flower, not your body.

NEO

*(oh she mad)*

My flower can do whatever she wants! My flower doesn't need to bow to your antiquated bullshit, she can be a beautiful flower that does whatever she wants in whatever way she wants despite whatever you or people like you say!

OLD BOY

Your flower can do whatever she wants, but she could be so much more! She could stand for something more noble like the ideal perfection that we always strive for but never reach or grab.

NEO

For once, yer right Old Boy. She already does.

*Neo and Old Boy both take a tentative step towards the line.*

OLD BOY

Then what's the problem?

NEO

*(exasperated)*

Nothing, nothing... Say, what do flowers mean to you, anyway? Besides the perfection stuff? You seem pretty set on their ways.

OLD BOY

A flower should be used to show people you care. Even if it's hard to talk with them, you can say, "Hi. I can't talk with you, I can't make sense of you, and I certainly don't know you, but I want to try. And I'm wondering if you want to try too."

NEO

*(a little taken-back)*

Huh... That's... That's actually impressive, Old Boy. Color me surprised. But flowers are for more than trying to get into someone's pants.

OLD BOY

Disregarding that last part, why wouldn't they be used for courting someone? We've done it for centuries, since we emerged from the primordial soup.

NEO

Because flowers aren't always what you expect them to be! My flower is anything she wants to be whenever she wants to be wherever she wants to be because she just can be.

OLD BOY

I still say she's not doing things like she should or could.

NEO

*(wit's end)*

UGH! God, you're like an English teacher. You probably are, aren't ya?

*Old Boy reaches for the flower he was staring at.*

OLD BOY

No, I'm way too young.

*A beat. Old Boy steps up to the edge of the line.*

OLD BOY

I have something for you.

*Old Boy points the flower towards Neo.*

OLD BOY

Would you take this flower? I actually picked it for you.

NEO

*(slightly cautious)*

Wow, stalker much?

OLD BOY

I'm sorry, I'm not very good with my emotions. Mother told me men nor boys don't shed tears, just like my flower doesn't let water drip beneath his leaves.

NEO

Oh. I, um... Sure.

*Neo slowly goes up to the line's edge and takes the flower. She looks at it.*

NEO

Uh, hey.

*Neo holds Old Boy's flower in her mouth while she takes out her flower in her hair.*

NEO

Do you... Do you want mine?

OLD BOY

Oh. Uh, sure. Yes-yes, I would.

NEO

Cool.

*Old Boy slowly takes Neo's flower.*

OLD BOY

Thank you.

NEO

Back atcha. I have to go, I'm meeting up with some other flower enthusiasts. Maybe we'll see each other.

OLD BOY

*(slightly disappointed)*

Um, yeah. Yeah! I'll... See you.

*Neo leaves through her side of the stage. Old Boy crosses the line and stands on Neo's side. He holds the flowers up to his nose.*

OLD BOY

I wonder...

*Old Boy takes a quick scent from Neo's flower. A beat.*

OLD BOY

*(confused)*

I... I...

*Old Boy lowers the flower from his nose but still holds it.*

OLD BOY

*(painfully disappointed)*

I don't know what she smells like.

*Lights.*